

The Miraculous FARMER:

Or, No COCK like the *West-Country* COCK.

YOU Women in City and Country, I pray
Draw near a-while, and hear what I shall say;
It is such a Story you seldom shall hear,
The Joak it is merry, but true, I declare.
In the West Country for Truth I declare,
A jolly young Farmer we find did live there;
He had a young Wife that was charming and fair,
And they proved a loving industrious Pair.
Before this young Couple were marry'd six Year,
They had got a Dozen young Babes, I declare;
For every Year there came two at a Time,
All Boys, and sweet beautiful Babies, we find.
The merry good Wives from all Parts they came,
To view those Babies; the like was ne'er seen;
Thus the Fame of this merry Farmer did ring,
For getting of Soldiers so fast for the King.
It happened thus; upon a certain Day,
This Woman she unto her Husband did say,
I'm sure I am weary with Nursing, my Dear,
It is a great Charge to keep them, I swear.
I think a new Lodging for you I'll provide;
With all my Heart Honey, the Farmer reply'd.
I am willing to please my dear Wife, I do swear;
So we will part Bed for the Space of seven Year.
In the next Room she'd a Bed for her Dear;
But now the Cream of the Story you'll hear,
At Night the brisk Farmer mistook, it is said,
And crept into Bed, Sir, to two of his Maids.
Poor Girls being afraid to lose a good Place,
Did yield to their Master to be embrac'd:
The Wife had no Thought but her Husband chaste
Would lie seven Years, and no one embrace.
The Girls were pleas'd at the Fun,
And the Farmer arose, as soon as he'd done;
And to his new Lodgings did instantly he,
And there lay as snug as a Pig in a Sty.
The Wife in the Morning came to his Bed-side,
Pray how have you rested, my Jewel, she cry'd?
O sadly said he, Love for thinking of thee:
I've rested as little, O then reply'd she.
I am sorry for that Love and now by my Troth,
But now since it will be good for us both:
To bring up our Sons we now must take Care,
Before we do get any more, I declare;
The Pleasures of Marriage lay by for 7 Year,
But prithee dear Husband take care of my Ware:

Because you do know if astray you do go,
It may be chargeable unto us two.

The Farmer was a crafty brisk Blade,
And soon won the Love of his two Servant-Maids,
They equally shared his Love it is known,
The Wife was contented that she lay alone.

Poor Harmless Soul, to comfort his Heart,
Each Morning came to his Bed-side for her Part,
But yet for her Life durst not come to Bed,
For fear of more Children to eat up his Bread.

Thus they went on for a Time with the Jest,
The Farmer one Night did make a great Feast:
Inviting great many brisk Wives to the same,
Who for to make merry most readily came.

And after the Dinner was over and done,
To talk of their Husbands the Wives all begun:
The Farmer's Wife said, Girls hear the Fun;
I've got the best Cock in all Christendom.

But Beds we've parted, Neighbours I swear,
For fear of those Charges that come once a Year;
When those little Babies are out of the Way,
The Farmer and I will go making of Hay.

But I for seven Years indeed must go free;
My Husband he says, contented He'll be:
Besides my Opinion it is, on my Life,
That He'll kiss no Woman besides his Wife.

The Devil might trust him, said an old Dame;
I think to part Lodgings you are much to blame;
O pray be at Peace, said the Farmer's good Wife,
My Farmer's contented he swears by his Life.

Then answers another, come to the Pot round,
I'd not lie from mine a Night for a Crown:
I have had Five; yet as I am alive,
I never should covet by my-self to lie.

The Farmer hearing 'em now prate,
A Frolick at length did come in his Pate;
So He resolved to fend them drunk to Bed,
That He in his Frolick that Night might proceed.

At length their Brains did begin to swim,
The Women did merrily caper and sing,
The Farmer's Wife was touch'd to the Skin,
Thus was all the Family jovially in.

The Company being broke up and gone,
The Farmer and his Wife took a Cup alone:
He gave her a Draught, that put her to Sleep,
Then into her Bed he did gently creep.

He begg'd that his Labour might prosperous be,
Instead of two Children that Night he got three:
Then left his Wife, when this Frolick he play'd,
And got into Bed unto his two Maids.

The Farmer resolved to finish the Game,
And then he would honestly live with his Dame:
I'll make her take Care, to himself he reply'd,
How she a new Lodging for me does provide.

That very Night for a Truth it is known,
He got one Maid a Daughter, and t'other a Son;
And bid 'em farewell, saying Girls do not tell:
I'll provide for your Babies; it all shall be well.

So to his new Lodgings he now did repair;
Next Morning his Wife did come to him there;
She said, Good-morrow, my Joy and Delight:
I dream'd I was in Bed with you last Night.

I thought in Pleasure we kiss'd and caress'd,
But Dreams are but Fables I see at the best:
I wish it were true Love, but I must forbear;
For fear of those Charges that come ev'ry Year.

The Farmer he laugh'd to think what he'd done,
Now Gallants observe the best of the Fun:
Within a short Time her Belly did swell:
The Mistress and Maids were wonderous ill.

The Mistress unto the Dairy Maid said,
Sure you are with Child Betty I am afraid:
But why should I think so, I am full as bad,
I'm sure with my Husband no Freedom I've had.

The Maids both knew they guilty had been,
And they for to whindle did straitway begin:
He said be at Peace, I will for you provide;
But let your Mistress know nothing, he cry'd.

When five or six Months were over and gone,
The Wife cry'd, sure I distracted shall run;
For I am with Child; but who has me wrong'd
I cannot imagine, nor how it was done;

She goes to a Doctor that by them did dwell,
Her sorrowful Tale she began to tell;
O Doctor, she cry'd, I shall surely run wild,
O Doctor, O Doctor, I am got with Child.

My Husband and I parted Beds by Consent,
The Charges of Children indeed to prevent:
O Doctor, she cry'd, and kept wringing her Hands,
I am with Child, but know not the Man.

Dear Neighbour I pray be contented, said he,
I'll give you a Reason for that instantly;
'Tis by the Planets that ruled that Night,
When you in a Dream had some seeming Delight.

Tell me not of Planets, the Woman she said,
My Husband will murder me, I am afraid:
And so in a Fright the good Woman run home;
And told her Maidens all that she had done.

Dear Mistress, said they, now pray be at Peace,
For really to tell you we're in the same Case:

We suppose the same Planet did over us reign,
While they were thus talking the Farmer in case.

What ails my dear Wife, the Farmer did say?
O pardon me Husband, I humbly pray;
For I am with Child, believe me what I say,
And never knew Man but you in all my Days.

So you have done well Wife by parting of Beds;
Some Spark you have had in my Room. She said,
O! Husband you're wrong; 'tis not my Case alone,
For Betty's with Child, and so is poor Jean.

I went to the Doctor indeed to complain,
He said, 'tis according as Planets do reign:
Well if it be so, the Truth I will gain;
And tell you my Mind, when I come again.

The Doctor and he, over a Pot of good Ale,
Did heartily laugh at the Fun of the Tale:
Then took his Leave, and went home to his Dame,
And said, my Jewel no longer complain.

The Doctor has given me Reason to know,
According to Planets the Thing may be so:
So now no more we'll part Beds, as we do;
But to Bed together this Night we will go.

Nine Months expired, the Mistress began
To call up her Maids in a sorrowful Tone:
She soon was delivered of three Babies fair,
Two Sons and a Daughter, I do declare.

Before the good Wife was brought to Bed,
There was the same Cry with the Servant-Maids.
And before the Morning did give the Light,
Five Babies were born by the Planets so bright.

These five pretty Babies were born in one Day:
The Church was full crowded this Sight to see;
The Farmer in Front of the Gossips did come.
The Women to see him in Clusters did run:

His Workmanship rung all the Country about,
And this fine Secret they fain would find out;
In getting of Children by Legerdemain,
And at what Time this Planet did reign.

When Supper was over, the Gossips sat down,
The Farmer discovered all the whole Fun:
The Wife in a Passion she cries without Fail,
My Cock I intend now to put up to Sale.

Up starts a Woman whose Age was Threescore,
Cries, here are Fifty Guineas, Girls, who bids more?
A Husband for Twenty Years I have had none:
And since by the Farmer such Wonders are done,

I'll give all this Money for once to try:
For one Bit of Comfort before I die:
The Farmer lay with the Old Woman that Night,
The Wife had the Fifty Guineas so bright.

Ye Wives that be marry'd, and Children have none,
If you have but Money enough to lay down:
The Wife's Cock is once more put up to Sale:
She'll return you your Money, if once it doth fail.

